

Mules Balk Yaphank Bennie's Ambition

Get Him in Trouble
With Officers Just
as All the Camp
Talk Centres on
Going to France

By FRAZIER HUNT.

CAMP UPTON,
Monday, March 18.

FRIEND BARNEY: Well after getting in that jam with that darn crazy monk and getting balled out by the Curnel and everything I guess I am thru with monkeying with any kind of animals, and from now on I am going to stick to straight soldering. One of the troubles of the army is that they got a lot of birds doing things when they should ought to be kept busy fighting. And then they always give these soft jobs to somebody what has not got any right to it whatsoever.

I should like to see anybody give me a soft job and I have a movie flum of your little old pal pulling down anything from this army except the hardest kind of toils. Whenever I went after any of them things they always give me the merry old raz.

Well Barney if the trenches in Franse have got anything on this camp in the line of plain and fancy mud then I will be glad to go over there and give them a look. Barney honest we have got more mud here than the Atlantick has water. It aint nothing but mud and if I was some of them rich birds in the city who is always wanting mud baths then I would just hurry down to old Camp Upton and rolled around in it down here for nothing for awhile.

We got yellow mud and black mud and mullato mud and thick mud and gummy mud and thin mud and sticky mud and army mud and if one of them rich guys could not find just the kind of stuff that he was looking for then what I mean is that he would be some hard to sue and should ought to be working for old U. Sam at 30 bucks per, which you dont get more than seven fifty out of even at that.

Unless somebody is doing an awful lot of spoofing around this joint we are going somewhere some of these fine days and it won't be anywhere in old America. Oh, you gay Parey! Oh, you la bell Franse! Oh you madamaselles! Oh boy!

BENNIE.

Marine Advances on Hun.

Tuesday night.

DEAR GERTIE: Well, I am glad to know you heard from your Marine friend again and that he is in Franse and will soon be up in the front line trenches fighting them yellow Hunns. Personally I have not got much confidence in the Lether Necks as soldiers, but I guess they have got to do something with them and they could not let them lay around and do nothing but eat all the time, so they might as well let them try fighting for a change.

I guess in the old days the Marines used to do quite a little work when there wasn't no solders around to do it for them and I suppose that they was a fairly good class of personal in the corps then, but now anybody can be a Marine and they are thousands and thousands of Marines that was turned down by the army for fisical and mental and moral reasons.

I guess to that the reputation of the Marines is none too sweet to, because they are pretty ruff birds. Maybe you have heard that old expression Tell it to the Marines. Well that means that the lether necks are so used to ruff talk and ruff stories that whenever anybody has got a real bad one to spring somebody always says Tell it to the Marines.

But of course there is nothing against this Marine that you know and if he is in Franse all I can say is that I hope the generals is not putting too much fathe on his corpse.

Personally I am practising up my French because I certainly want to be able to parley vuy with them little French dames. Everybody says they are crazy about American solders and they certainly do trete us nice. But I guess such things as lether neck Marines don't have much show with them.

And they certainly can knit to.

Yours BENNIE.

Ho, for La Belle Franse

Tuesday night.

DEAR MAMA: Well I guess we will not



Immediate cause of Bennie's undoing, an army mule team.

be going to Franse for a little while yet but I know that you will be kind of happy when we do go anyway. And if I was you Mama I would buy me a service flag about as big as the Wolworth building and I would hang it in the front window so that everybody who went by could see that you had a son who was going to help smear that damnable kiser all over the map of Germany.

I can tell you Mama one thing and that is that the people of America should ought to be mighty glad that we don't have to fight them yellow Hunns right here in our own country where they could abuse our women and children, etc., but that we can do it in poor Franse, 3,000 miles away. Just suppose the Germans was as near New York as they are to Paris, what would everybody be thinking. They would all want to fight, and yet a lot of people is afraid to go over there and fight where it is somebody elses mother that is in danger.

So I know you are glad that your Bennie is going and you would not want him to be a coward or a slacker. And Mama there is one thing sure and that is that I will be home to see you before we go away so don't you go worring none.

Your own son, BENNIE.

On Mule Management.

Wednesday.

BARNEY: Well what do you suppose Barney. Well I have been chose temporarily to help the post exchange which is a big store for our regiment, but a thousand times worst than that what do you suppose my job is.

Well it is helping drive 2 mules. Now I leave it to you Bennie what do you honestly think of old Jazz Tune Bennie, who used to sell neckwear in the daytime and tickle the ivories up in the cafe on 125th street at night, well what do you think of the Old Jazz Tune Wiz flirting with a pair of mules. There ain't positively nothing I can say, only just laff when I think of it.

Well I done my first chambermade work this morning and before I even got started on Mrs. Casey Chadwick—she and Doc Cook are the pare I got to nurse along—well Mrs. Chadwick she let one drive at me and I guess if it would 'a hit me I would have landed right in the front line trenches in Franse.

Give her the fork, Sarge Jake Walters who is from the regulars and has been friendly with mules for years, hollered at me.

So I harpooned the old girl with my tongs but you should have seen her take on. Well it got so bad that Sarge Jake he come up then and you should 'a herd him talk to that female mule.

Barney I thought I heard some fancy swearing in my day but I never did before. Jake he swore at that mule in seven languages including the Chinese and he went back eleven generations and then repeated fortissimo with all the twelve sylinders working.

Well when that little seance was over Doc Cook come next but Doc was just like some big dog, he didn't care at all what I did around him.

Put on the harness now, the Sarge said to me. You'll find it on that peg on the wall, he said.

But he might just as well told me to manaeure that mules toes with a toothpick. I couldn't no more put all that stuff on that one animal that I could 'a knit him a sweater. So after while Jake he

said for me just to watch and he would fix them up to the wagon this time.

Well all day me and Jake has been working that pair of mules, or rather Jake has been working me and the mules. Jake does the driving and the easing, I do all the carrying of stuff from the warehouse to the wagon and the unloading it at the post exchange, etc., and the mules only have to do the plain pulling.

But it's a great life and I'm not going to weaken and in a couple of days more I will be driving them crazy animals like they was a couple of tame goats.

Yours from Missourey, BENNIE.

Finds His Job Ticklish.

Thursday.

BARNEY: Well me and Jake and the mules are getting along fine but I must say I don't have much confidence in them mules. This Chadwick mule is a kind of a bad female and Doc Cook can not be trusted at all. When old Doc looks like he was asleep he is liable to let one drive at you and he will have enough stuff on the ball to kill about four men if he would hit somebody.

This afternoon Doc pulled a new one. It was just after noon mess and we had put the animals in the stables and fed them a fine big dinner and Jake had put the bridle on Doc for me and told me to lead him out. Well do you suppose Doc would move. He wouldn't any more move than the stone lions from in front of police Headquarters would move if Mrs. Grace Humiston should come up behind them and say Skat.

Well Jake he swore around and then he give Doc the old harpoon and then I pulled until I was afraid I was going to brake the strap. But Doc hung on tight stubbornner than ever.

Well we got to wait the big boob out, Jake said finally so we just sat down for about five minutes and then Doc he looked over at us and his lower lip kind of snickered, and then we got up and Doc he come right along with us. And Doc aint no female mule ether.

I am scared to death all the time that this pare of black devils will run off one of these fine days and then it will be are reveire Bennie. Jake says, Never fear a mule would not hurt himself for anything in the world. Which stuff is all right but makes no calculations for the human beings who went along because duty called them.

Personally I think it is all right to ask soldiers to go into the front line trenches and face the Hunns but I cant see nothing right in making a soldier go against the back fire of them mules and taking a chance every minutes of having his block kicked off. A fellow could wear steel helmets all over him and it would do him no good when a mule lays down a barrage.

All I know is if I get out of this alive I will be tickled stiff to do such little fighting duties as being a moppper up or carrying ammunition for the bombers. Such jobs as that is like being on the sick list compared to being friendly with army mules.

BENNIE.

Two Crazy Mules and Bennie.

Saturday.

BARNEY: Well it has happened and I hope that the bird who made me Lady In Waiting to that pair of German mules has to eat them both raw some day.

It is nothing but luck that I am not a corps to-night or at the very least that I

Even Gertie's Marine
Gains an Advantage
and Barney Hears
Harrowing Details of
All Misadventures

am not over in the base hospital with a couple of legs broke and my arms shattered and an eye or two out and generally in a hell of a conditun.

Well I will tell you all and you can judge for yourself whether or not they should not ought to court-martial that pair of Hun brutes and take them out at daybreak and shoot them both.

It was about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon and we was pulled up at warehouse No. 4 loading on some groceries and we was all loaded and ready to start. I was up sitting with Jake in the driver's seat and we was just starting when the Q. M. sergent called Jake back to have him sine for the things he got.

Well right then them mules did not want to stop and Jake should have not tried to go aganst there wills like that. But he did and handing me over the reins told me to hold tight, and then he jumped down and run back to the warehouse.

I guess he might just as well been talking to them mules as to me for on the very second that he got back there a peeces of paper blew out of the warehouse doors and scared Doc Cook and he started out on the dead run, Mrs. Chadwick following sute at once.

Well when he started Doc Cook jerked one of the reins out of my hand so I did not have a chance against two crazy mules with only one rein in my hand.

I guess there is not much use of me telling you about where all we went, except that we went everywhere taking in the sights of the whole camp at about 40 miles per hour. And what we done in route is hardly even fit for print.

First we hit a solder and knocked him about 18 feet. Then we hit a flivver that is owned by one of the newspaper birds out here named Mac and of course I was kind of glad of that.

Then we run over an army motoreicle that was standing still with nobody on it, then after that we hit a colored Second Lutenant and tossed him in the mud, and next we knocked over a horse and buggy that belonged to the telephone company.

But all that was like nothing. What really happened was when them crazy mules turned from Fifth avenue onto Upton boulevard and just about run right over General Johnson's own automobile. Our front wheel took a nice big chunk out of the back, carried off the mud guard, stripped off a lamp and pushed her over on her side.

I guess it must 'a been the General shouting for me to halt that made them mules hit it up faster and ever and at the next corner they threw me out right on my bean and when I come to Doc Cook and that female brute was miles away.

Well the Curnel he had a lot to say and the Q. M. Lutenant he had a lot to say and Sarge Jake Walters he had a lot to say. But I should get all het up because I been sent back to old Company H and if they want any more circus performers they can pick somebody else.

BENNIE.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that when Jake finally did find his mules old Doc Cook balked for two hours straight and it was 10:30 at night when Jake got back with them. He wont even speak to me now.

Not a Century, but Enough

LADY hurrying across the broad course at a great railroad station, making for the train gate and evidently afraid of missing the train, with a long wait if she didn't get it. But at the gate she meets a colored porter, a man of tranquil mind and pleasant voice, who says to her, quite evenly:

"You needn't hurry, you've got two minutes yet."

Now, two minutes is not a century; in fact the margin was still narrow; but the lady knew that the porter knew the time exactly and what he said and the way he said it relieved the tension. She surrendered her bag to him and gave the tip to him very willingly.